UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Future of Religion

By John Haynes Holmes

The Fixer - - - - *Robert Alden Sanborn*

Lost Illusions - - - - - *May Stranathan*

Non-Passive Pacifism - - *Robert Whitaker*

Lord Marley on Hitler's Germany
- - - - - - - - - - *Rosella Horowitz*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Lord Marley on Hitler's Germany

The bestialities of the Hitler regime have been exposed by eyewitnesses, newspaper correspondents and lecturers. But it took a British nobleman to bring the tragic story most vividly to Chicago.

Lord Dudley Marley, deputy-speaker of the British House of Lords, distinguished World War veteran, the man who rose to peerage and to one of the highest positions in England because of his devotion to the Labor party, is now lecturing through the country in behalf of the German victims.

As chairman of the "World Committee to Aid the Victims of German Fascism" and as co-editor of the well known "Brown Book of the Hitler Terror," Lord Marley speaks with intimate knowledge of conditions prevailing there. The accounts in his book paled in contrast to those he related to audiences and in interviews here.

Imagine this sort of "ideology" being imbedded in the minds of the younger generation:

Miriam, a Jewish child of fourteen, was taken in front of her classroom.

"Now point out everything peculiar about her," the teacher requested of her students.

The Aryan classmates began to enumerate her possible differences in physical makeup. The task, however, seemed somewhat difficult, as she was an attractive child, even from the Teuton conception, despite the frailty of her body and the frightened stare in her eyes.

"Why, just look at the way her lips point downward," began the instructor, when the children concluded with their part of the discussion. "That shows her tendency for sneaking and cheating.

"See that glare in her eyes, proving that she is greedy, hateful and cruel. Watch out for that vicious expression in her face. All Jews have that. Because you are young yet, my pupils, you may not be able to detect it, but it is there and I warn you to keep away from her and her kind."

(*Continued on Page 59*)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIII MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1934 Number 3

RELIGION

Religion means to me an attitude toward life. It is a way of living in reaction upon the universe and in relation to our fellow-men.

Religion is a universal experience of the thoughtful mind as it seeks adjustment to reality. The various religions of history are so many different expressions of this same basic experience of the soul. Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, each is valid for its own time and place, and precious for its own followers. There is no single divine faith, itself true and all others false. "Religions are many, but religion is one."

Religion is not to be confused with theology, which is a formulation of religious thought; nor with creeds, which are statements of theology. It is not to be identified with worship, which is an expression of religious sentiment; nor with rituals, which are modes of worship. It is not to be confused with the church, which is an organization for religious action; nor with ecclesiasticism, which is the frame and fashion of the church. Religion is more and greater than all these, since it is in essence the soul itself at work upon the world.

The religious man looks upon the cosmos as a living organism, of which he is himself a part. He finds the essence of life to be spirit, and himself, therefore, a spiritual being. He finds the essence of spirit to be purpose, a meaning or ideal in the cosmic process which attains in man self-conscious and creative control. He finds the fulfillment of this purpose in God, who is

"the one far-off divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves."

The greatest achievement in the history of religion was Israel's identification of the will of God with the moral law. At that moment the content of religion became Righteousness, Justice, Love, and Peace.

Religion vindicates itself when it seeks to fulfill these ideals of Righteousness, Justice, Love, and Peace in the life of humanity.

Religion's triumph must be the establishment of a society in which Righteousness, Justice, Love, and Peace will prevail. This will be the Kingdom of God, which is the Commonwealth of Man.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The great Professor Jung has an important article in the April *Cosmopolitan* on war psychosis. It is inevitable that this world-famous psychologist should see and emphasize the psychological aspects of the war phenomenon, and it is important that we should take note of these aspects. Especially in these days when we are so inclined to lay stress upon the economic and social aspects of international conflict! What Professor Jung argues is that *a state of mind* is a decisive factor in this whole business of war. We think of war, anticipate it, fear it, prepare for it, are sure that it will come—and *it comes!* There can be no question as to the soundness of this diagnosis. It is the thing which constitutes the unanswerable argument against armies and navies and all the vast paraphernalia of preparedness. When we pile up the ammunition, and parade the ships and regiments, and distribute the gas masks, and publish the literature, and start the talk, we straightway create an atmosphere in which pacifism withers and belligerency flourishes. This is the atmosphere of Europe at this present moment. In every city the soldiers are marching, on every frontier the fortresses are frowning, in every parliament the arms appropriations are being debated, in every home the prospects of war are being pondered. The whole spiritual set-up of the Continent is that of a tinder-box which needs only a sudden flash to be ignited. The problem, in other words, is one of inner as well as outer preparedness. What we prepare for we usually get; and when the minds of people the world around are preparing for the coming of "the next war," it is difficult to see how it can be avoided. Hence the challenge for a peace psychology to take the place of this war psychology which now disturbs and distracts us all! Professor Jung is right, the New Thought advocates are right, the Christian Scientists are right—what we *think* is oftentimes the determiner of destiny.

There could be no more honest person than President Roosevelt, but if he were a Machiavelli of blackest dye he could do no more disreputable thing than he actually has done in vastly increasing our navy. For why has there been little or no opposition to this bill appropriating $570,000,000 for new warships? Why have the pacifists in this measure suffered the worst defeat ever known in peace-times? In other years, the churches and other idealistic agencies have been able to muster a resistance to armaments which has left the admirals, and generals constantly on the defensive, and again and again has beaten them utterly. But this time the militarists have had it all their own way, not only because Roosevelt is a magnetic leader, but also because the naval program has been made part and parcel of the whole great program of recovery. It's the familiar "rider" principle on a grand scale. When a legislator has some proposal so abominable

that it has no chance of passage by itself, he tacks it on to some great measure of legislation which must be passed and is able therefore to carry along with it all manner of iniquities. So with this navy bill—a "rider" on the recovery program! Nobody can oppose it, because opposition would seem to involve interference with employment, business, recovery, prosperity. It is the depression, in other words, which has wrecked disarmament, exactly as it wrecked Prohibition. All of which we count to the everlasting discredit of the President; especially in the light of the influence of his policy in setting the pace of the new competition in arms which must in the end bring war! For look what is happening! As America appropriates her $570,000,000 for her new navy built to treaty strength, Japan announces vast expenditures for ships and men, France approves construction of a new 26,000-ton man-of-war, with submarines, destroyers and planes, Italy warns that she must build a new 25,000-ton battleship, with the usual accessories, if France carries through her plan, and Britain presents 1934 estimates calling for four cruisers and twenty other vessels at a cost of $282,750,000. What a picture of sheer madness, with this country more guilty than any other!

Some weeks ago we declared that it was unthinkable that the air mails should ever go back again into private hands. Now, after disasters have shown that the army flyers are by no means the experts we had imagined, the government is rushing the mails back into private hands with a speed which may bring them there before this editorial is published. All of which shows that nothing is unthinkable any more—not at least in the activities of the Roosevelt administration! It all makes us wonder what blessings might not happen to this country if the President would only let us know where he is going, and what he is proposing to do from one twenty-four hours to another. We want to have all kinds of enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt, but no sooner is our ardor kindled by some heroic advance than straightway it is dampened by some confused and confusing retreat. What are we to think or to believe, anyway? The banks are closed and taken over by the government, and we rejoice; then they are opened one by one under the same auspices. The NRA is initiated and acclaimed as a great success; then it is raked fore and aft, drastic policies of shorter hours and higher wages are announced to save it, and a new bird is hatched to take the place of the old blue eagle. The NRA is organized, to the infinite relief of the entire nation, then, when it is just working splendidly, its dissolution is peremptorily ordered. We must raise prices, says the administration, if business is to prosper; and then, in the same breath, we must keep prices down, if the consumer is to survive. What we seem to feel, at this moment, is something like a chill creeping through the country in suspicion that Washington has little idea of what it is doing, and no clear comprehension of where it is going. This chill will speedily become a tremor, like an earthquake, when the people begin to realize that, for all the hullabaloo of the administration and all the sacrifice of the populace, *we are not getting anywhere.* You're a gallant leader, Mr. Roosevelt, but do you know where you are taking us, and why?

We tuned in on the radio the other day, and chanced to hear Dr. Horace Kallen drop a word of insight which we must pass on to our readers. Speaking on Facism, Dr. Kallen made reference to the famous passage in the 13th chapter of "Job," which runs, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The speaker then pointed out that this was a mistranslation; that, in the original Hebrew, the verse stated, "He will slay me; I have no hope; yet will I defend my integrity to His face." The first and familiar version, said Dr. Kallen, conveys perfectly the attitude of the loyal citizen in the Fascist state. Subject to a tyranny which he knows will absorb and crush him, destroy all his individuality in the interest of a totalitarian society, he yet puts his trust in the dictatorship and obeys it. The second version of the great Biblical passage, the correct one, is a beautiful illustration, said Dr. Kallen, of the attitude of the man who would be free. It is the perfect slogan of liberty, as over against the repressive rule of either church or state. Yes, you may slay me, says the free man! I know that "I have no hope" of victory against this stupendous power of government! But what of it? Strike me if you will, destroy me if you desire, yet am I the master of my own life. "I will defend my integrity to His face!" We have never heard the case for liberty put more vividly than this. What is liberty? It is the eternal vigilance of the single man who would protect and preserve the sanctity of his own personal life as over against the selfish and devastating encroachments of social organizations which established in the beginning as means to the end of the common welfare, become in due course to be ends in themselves, for the service of their own interests at the expense of the common welfare. The assertion of the single man's integrity, and its vindication in the face of tyranny, even when hope is gone, and defeat and death are certain—this is liberty!

The religious statistics scandal must now have an end. After years of fool figures about prosperous churches, swelling memberships, etc., etc., we have at last an exact statement of the facts based on extensive, impartial, and honest research. This statement is presented in a four-volume report published by the Institute of Social and Religious Research of New York, under the editorship of Professor Mark A. May, head of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University, with Professor William Adams Brown, of Union Theological Seminary as theological consultant. The report,

entitled "The Education of American Ministers," is primarily concerned with the training of men for the Christian ministry, and offers on the whole a tragic picture. "The general educational level of the Protestant ministry," says the report, "has been declining for the past hundred years." In 1926, "at least two-fifths and probably as many as half (of the white Protestant ministers) were not graduates of either a college or a seminary." Still more terrible is the revelation as to the plight of the churches, which seem to have about as good ministers as they can pay for. Thus, there is a large surplus of "poverty-stricken" churches, says the report. "There is an excess of at least 85,000 feeble churches which are unable to support the full-time services of either a trained or untrained minister." A church must have "about 350 members in order to adequately support a well-trained minister. *"Only* 10 *or* 13 *per cent of Protestant white churches meet this standard."* The average salary of all ministers in 1928 was "about equal to the wages of semi-skilled workers." There is an oversupply of ministers (as of 1930) of between 40,000 and 50,000 men. UNITY's absolute and sometimes dogmatic refusal to accept the Pollyanna reports of our denominational secretaries and statisticians is here abundantly justified. So important is this report that we propose to publish in due course an article by an authoritative scholar in review of and comment upon its findings.

The *Christian Century* has nominated Mahatma Gandhi for the Nobel Peace Prize. There could be no more obvious, nor more impossible, suggestion. Obvious, because the Indian saint is preeminently the greatest man of peace in our time! Alone among the world's leaders he preaches and practices those principles of non-violence and brotherhood which lie at the heart of every peace gospel ever given to mankind. But this suggestion is also impossible because the record of the Nobel Peace Prize shows that the trustees of the award are not engaged in honoring peace champions of this Gandhian type. It is true that they once decorated Jane Addams—and then spoiled their own action by dividing her prize with Nicholas Murray Butler, who is about as much of a peace man as Marshall Pilsudski, of Poland, who has been significantly nominated for the Prize this year! But with such chance exception, the Nobel Prize has gone consistently year after year to statesmen and diplomats who have walked the familiar and well-trodden ways of world polity. No, the Peace Prize has never quite been able to rise above the level of dynamite and arms in which it had its origin. The hopeless taint of the ill-gotten Nobel millions rests upon it, and like an infection poisons the minds of those who administer it. In this age of wars and rumors of wars, it should have been easy to bestow this Prize—upon those heroic men and women who have outlawed war from their hearts and are striving at fearful cost of labor and reputation to do away with it forever! Think of the fitting candidates for the honor—Mahatma Gandhi, Kagawa, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Siegmund-Schultze, Salmon O. Levinson, to name only a few. One or two recipients of this type, to match Jane Addams, would redeem the Prize from the ill-favor which it now possesses. But we have little expectation that the trustees will give the world a surprise of this kind. The best we can hope is that another "no award" will be announced, thus saving the Prize from the disgrace of bestowal upon another president or premier.

The sixtieth birthday (March 17th last) of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, was widely and fittingly celebrated throughout the nation. Gentiles were glad to join Jews in hailing him not only as a great Jew but also as one of America's most distinguished citizens and incomparably her supreme religious leader. In oratory, moral fervor, spiritual idealism, and sheer personal power, there is no one to match him in either church or synagogue. His career and character present an extraordinary, an almost paradoxical combination of qualities. The central core of his being is undoubtedly Israel. His devotion to his tribe is "wonderful, passing the love of women." It has a sensitiveness that is almost painful, and a passion that is overwhelming. When Israel is embattled, he fights like the Maccabees; when Israel is stricken, he mourns like Rachel; when she perishes, he weeps like David above the gate for Absalom. His greatest achievements have all been for Jewry—his Free Synagogue, his Jewish Institute of Religion, and his American Jewish Congress. With the advent of Hitler, he leaped at once to the leadership of his people in every land, and stands today unchallenged as the Moses who fronts Pharaoh. Yet Wise has never been exclusively a Jew! On the contrary, his prophetic vision has swept him into every field of human need, and as a tireless crusader for righteousness and truth made him a servant not merely of Israel but of mankind. In the same way, Wise has been ever a religionist. "Rabbi" is his proudest title, and the divine will the sole authority of his word. Never at any time has he neglected his spiritual office, nor ignored its duties of comfort and inspiration to men. But Wise's religion has been no esoteric thing, hidden and apart from the social crises of the times. Into business, politics, reform of every kind he has borne the witness of uncompromising conviction, and made the priest of God to be the prophet of humanity. Likewise, in his personality, is this same paradox! See him in the face of some great wrong, and he is as terrible as some storm raging through the firmament. See him in the nursery with little children, or in the house of mourning with the dead, and he is as tender as "the gentle dew from heaven." Rabbi Wise is great because he is complete—

> "—the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This (is) a man!'"

Jottings

A look at Europe these days would seem to indicate that it's all over but the fighting.

A brave word in a private letter from a Jewish friend in Germany:

> I feel well that I have grown less vital than I was last year—no wonder, the continual struggle wears you out. But Spring is coming, the days grow longer, and no politics will hinder the bushes to burst into leaves and blossoms.

Minister Goering has announced that any funny story told at the expense of the Nazi regime will be punished as a crime against the state. This is the funniest story yet. Arrest Minister Goering!

What could be more natural than this recent pact between Mussolini, of Italy, Dollfuss, of Austria, and Horthy, of Hungary? Trust gangsters every time to work together when it pays them to do so. But let Dollfuss beware! The "big shot" will "take him for a ride" some day if he doesn't look out.

Liquor is being sold in New York City in hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, tea-rooms, night clubs, drug stores, department stores, grocery stores, clothiers, tobacco shops, railroad stations, theaters—anywhere, everywhere. Has the saloon come back? In a myriad different forms.

If Jesus should return to earth, would he be more surprised to be called Savior, King, Son of God, by the Christians, or an Aryan by the Nazis?

J. H. H.

The Future of Religion*

In order to foresee what may be the future of religion, it is necessary to understand the forces which are now at work in the religious world. These forces, as I discern them, are three in number.

First of all, there is that movement which has been under way ever since the Renaissance and which can best be summed up in the rather formidable word, secularization. It would be interesting to know when men first began making the curious distinction between the sacred and the secular. From very early times the sacred was understood to comprise all that lay within the religious field—all that concerned the eternal destiny of man in this world and in the next. The secular, on the other hand, comprised whatever was conceived to lie outside the religious field—those things that had to do with temporal matters and concerns. St. Paul had this antimony in mind when he wrote that immortal sentence—"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

Now in medieval times, as not always in ancient times, the sacred was threatening to swallow up the secular altogether, and thus to end the curious distinction between the two of which I have spoken. There was the "temporal power" of the kings, to be sure, but this was subordinate to the eternal power of the church, which was in process of taking everything under its direction and control. This life was but a pilgrimage to the world beyond the grave, and it was natural therefore that its distinctively spiritual interests should monopolize the field. With the Renaissance, however there came a great awakening to reality. For the first time in a thousand years men suddenly found themselves interested in what we now recognize as secular affairs, and little by little they began to emancipate themselves from the exclusive rule of religion. This is the movement which is known in modern history as secularization.

Illustrations of this movement are almost numberless. The secularization of the state is perhaps the most obvious as it is the most dramatic. With the advent of Protestantism there came a separation of church and state which marks the deliverance of government from control of organized religion. Another illustration is the secularization of education. In the old days, the schools and universities were exclusively in the hands of the church. Today our institutions of learning are free of religious control; they belong to the body politic and not to the body ecclesiastic. The same thing is seen in the private life of the individual. A man was formerly in the hands of the church from the hour of birth to the hour of death. He was baptized when he came into the world; he was given the last rites of the church when he left the world; if he was married, it was with the blessing of the church. Now the tendency is all the other way. Baptism is no longer a sacrament, but, if it survives at all, survives as an instrument of moral uplift. The last rites survive in Catholicism but not in Protestantism. As for marriage, it is first of all today a civil union which may or may not be accompanied by a religious ceremony. So in a dozen ways the process of secularization is going on. More and more the churches are being thrust aside. More and more society is finding it possible to live outside the domain of religion if it so desires.—and it *is* so desiring! Every day our world is less a sacred and more a secular world. The "invisible" is becoming truly invisible; the "visible" is all we see or want to know.

A second process, far advanced today, takes us into the field of ethics. What I have in mind is the growing tendency of the moral life to set itself up as something independent of religion. Ethics, in other words, is claiming and establishing its autonomy. There was a time when morality derived its life from religion, its authority from the

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religious sanction. The moral law was the law of God; it was a decree handed down from above, as the two tables of the Law were handed down to Moses upon Sinai. But nobody believes this any more! The Ten Commandments, as stated in the Bible, have no divine authority. Such authority as they may possess derives not from any heavenly source but from the sanction of such history and experience as may be behind them. As a matter of fact, the old decalogue of Moses is sadly shaken in our time as a complete and absolute code of ethics.

In many minds the outer sanction of religion as the basis of morality has disappeared only to give way to the inner sanction. Not in the Bible as the word of God but in the conscience as the voice of God is the seat of authority. But this transcendental viewpoint, like the Mosaic viewpoint, has disappeared, or is disappearing, in our time. The biologist regards conscience as a kind of vital function. The psychologist sees it as a conditioned reflex. The sociologist interprets it as an echo of social custom. It is still dubious as to just what conscience is and how it works, but that it is infallible, much less a divine and holy voice, is an idea no longer tenable.

Thus morality is separating itself from religion. The moral law still remains as august and imperative as ever, but no longer do we seek for a religious sanction of this law. It stands today on its own feet; it speaks by virtue of its own authority. We can get rid of religion, in other words, and still have morality.

The third process making for the disintegration of religion as we have known it in the past is that of physical or natural science. We are familiar with the conflict between religion and science during the last four hundred years. Many of us are not yet familiar with, or will not concede, the outcome of this conflict. This outcome is perfectly plain; it is the victory of science on every battlefield where the issue with religion has been joined. Christianity, as we know it, has a perfectly definite interpretation of the history and meaning of human life upon this planet. So has Judaism, for that matter! But this interpretation, in its distinctive theological aspects, is unknown to science. The creation and fall of man, the atonement and redemption, the last judgment and eternity, are all chapters in a myth as patent as the quest of Theseus or the labors of Hercules. Nothing is more amazing, to my mind, in reading books of theology and biblical interpretation, than to discover how these books deal with a world which the geologist, the biologist, the sociologist, the psychologist, the historian, the scientist generally, simply refuse to recognize. The traditional thought-content of Christian theology is as unreal to this scientist as the lost Atlantis or the Islands of the Blest. And so must it be to any man who believes that science today is practicing the only method of inquiry that can lead to truth, and that its results are the only reality we can ever hope to know. Beatrice Webb, in her autobiography, speaks of her experience as a young girl in the 1870's when she found herself confronting what she calls "the water-shed" between Christianity and science, "which was destined," she says, "to submerge all religion based on tradition and revelation." In England some four or five years ago, the London *Nation* and the *Daily News* conducted an inquiry among their readers on questions of religion. Of the *Nation's* readers, 60 per cent expressed disbelief in a personal God, 70 per cent denied the divinity of Christ, 71 per cent denied the inspiration of the Bible, and 48 per cent went so far as to say that they did not believe in Christianity in any form. The *Daily News*, with its much more popular constituency, showed a higher ratio of believers, but even among its readers, no less than 25 per cent declared that they rejected Christianity. Science has done its work. Faith seeps out as knowledge filters down.

Now here are three of the great processes which are under way today in the field of religion—secularization, ethical autonomy, and scientific inquiry. The three are typical of others that might be mentioned; they show conclusively what is happening. Little by little the religion handed down to us by the fathers is being hammered to pieces. What Beatrice Webb says in her book of the 70's and 80's of the last century, is a thousand times truer today; "the Christian tradition," she writes, "had grown thin and brittle, more easily broken than repaired." It is the fundamentalists among us who see this with the greatest clearness. Would that the modernists had vision as clear and courage as honest. These fundamentalists discern, even if they do not understand, the tendencies of modern life, and they would stop them forthwith. Thus, they would block the progress of secularization—restore the Sabbath, put religion into the schools, reestablish a union of church and state. They would reidentify morals with religion. Our crime waves, our contemporary lack of manners, our lawlessness and general corruption, all these, they say, are due to our refusal to teach our children to "fear God and do his commandments." They would destroy modern science by denying its conclusions and forbidding the propagation of these conclusions. Religion cannot survive, they say, if these tendencies are allowed to proceed. And of course they are right! More and more people every year are confessing their repudiation of Christianity. I know of at least one community in this country which, by the general agreement of its citizens, will have no church within its borders. In New York we have a vast metropolis in which the majority of the people know and care no more about organized religion than they do about an illuminated manuscript of the Middle Ages. A book widely read some years ago was significantly entitled "The Non-Religion of the Future."

All this seems clear. Yet it seems equally clear that we cannot leave the matter at this point. We have the truth, but have we the whole truth? When that author wrote of "the non-religion of the future," was he thinking merely of a vacuum to take the place of the very real substances of spiritual faith? On the contrary, does not nature abhor a vacuum in the inner life of man as well as in the outer life of the universe; and must not something therefore rush in, like air into an empty bottle, to take the place of what is gone? Is there not something still abiding, in other words, after so much is taken away? Our religion, all religions—for there are many religions in the world—are disintegrating and disappearing, but may not this process

be making way for the advent of religion itself in some absolute and perfect sense of the word?

We can best answer this question, it seems to me, by seeking to express in a single sentence all that is happening to religion at this moment. Thus far in my discussion I have been presenting an analysis. Let me now turn around and attempt a synthesis.

If I would summarize the trends of modern thought and life in the religious field, I would declare that *what we have known as the supernatural is everywhere giving way before what we have come to recognize as the natural.* Nature is at last coming into her own. What is this matter of secularization, for example, but the discovery that politics, education, and business, the regular affairs of every day, are merely a part of the natural processes of man's life upon this planet. Why must a child be baptized at birth, or an old man be given the last unction at death, when birth and death are but the beginning and end of the natural cycle of existence and thus have their own sanctity and beauty. So with morals! Why seek for some revelation of what is right and wrong, when out of the substance of man's own experience there proceeds the secret of the law? Science teaches us the same lesson. There was a time when nature was but the abode of the supernatural; the world was peopled with gods and demons. Phenomena of sun and rain, storm and ocean, were all of them marvels, to be explained in terms of miracle and wonder. Even after Copernicus and Galileo had done their work, Kepler explained the motions of the stars by saying that each was the abode of an angel. Today all such ideas are gone. Science has dethroned the gods, and established in their place the democratic rule of law. The natural, in a word, has swallowed up the supernatural. For now we know that

> Out from the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old;
> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame;
> Up from the burning core below
> The canticles of love and woe.

It is this passing of the supernatural before the triumph of the natural which makes inevitable the passing of religion as we have known it in years gone by. For religion has always been associated up to our time with the supernatural. Its rites, its ceremonies, its doctrines, its laws, all have developed out of the supernatural concept of the world. But does religion belong exclusively or necessarily to the supernatural? Must it be identified with the idea of miracle? Are there divine processes only in floating ax-heads and dead men's bones, and not in whirling planets and moving tides and blossoming flowers? Is God to be found only in smoking Sinais and Bethlehem mangers, and not in

> . . . the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man?

Is there no religion, in other words, in nature herself? What are we to think of that wonderful hymn found in the note book of Leonardo da Vinci after his death? He had been pondering, this early scientist, upon the wonders of natural law. Moved by the disclosure of what James Russell Lowell so well called "the commonplace of miracle," Leonardo lifted up his cry, "O marvellous Necessity, thou with supreme reason constrainest all effects to be the direct result of their causes, and by a supreme and irrevocable law, every natural action obeys thee by the shortest process."

What is the fundamental truth about religion today? It is that religion springs direct from the heart of man—that religion is life as we feel it within us and see it about us. Where did religion come from? It has its origin not in revelation but in experience—the experience of man wrestling with nature and with his fellows in the stupendous struggle for survival. Religion may be best defined as man's reaction upon the universe, upon the infinite and eternal realities to which his eyes first open on the earth. In the early days this reaction was predominantly that of fear. Man did not know and understand the processes of life, and therefore was afraid of them, and by his religion he sought to propitiate them. In time his ignorance began to turn into wonder, which led to awe and reverence and worship. Then came the beginnings of knowledge; and with knowledge, the universe began to take on a kindlier, friendlier aspect. In our day, with the triumphs of science, we are extending the bounds of knowledge and mastering the processes of life, with the result that we are accepting the universe instead of fearing or adoring it. We run to welcome and receive it, instead of running away from it, or bowing down before it. We gather life up into our embrace that it may become a part of us and we a part of it. Our desire is the desire of the poet—to be "at one with the perfect whole." Knowledge, in other words, has led us away from fear, through adoration, to love. We have discovered a passion of fellowship with all created things. This passion is a new religion. It is the religion suggested at least by Bertrand Russell, in his little book "What I Believe," which he identifies with "the good life" as "guided by knowledge and inspired by love."

To see this kind of life as religion is to come to a new understanding of the process of our age. What is really happening today is just the opposite of what seems to be happening. The religion which is disappearing today is the religion of the supernatural. But this religion of the supernatural, in the very meaning of the word, is superstition, and ought to disappear. True religion, however, religion understood as the spiritual expression of all things natural and normal, this is not disappearing; on the contrary, it is floating in like a great tide from out the deep, and flooding all the area of man's existence. Do I speak of secularization? What is this but the sublime discovery that politics, education, business, the personal affairs of every day, all pertain to the soul of man and therefore are embodiments of his spirit? Ethical autonomy—the breaking away of morals from the sanction of religion! What is this but the discovery that morals is its own religion, exercises its own authority, and reveals its own necessity? As for science, what is this but the mind of man delving its persistent way to truth, which is the heart of God? Religion going? On the contrary, religion is only just beginning to come. At the moment all is confusion; the forces about us seem to be the forces of destruction. But this is because superstition is in the way and

must be removed, as the walls of some building must be removed and carted off before the new edifice, already conceived and charted, can rise in a soaring structure of steel and stone. Temporarily this means chaos—not in three hundred years has the religious world known such chaos as that which engulfs us at this hour! But in the darkness there broods upon the waters a creation which will some day bring a new world into birth.

As I look ahead and try to discern the outlines of religion as it will dwell among us in days to come, I seem to see certain things:

1. There will be no gods in the future—no "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord"—but, to quote the words of Charles W. Elliot, in his "The Religion of the Future," "one omnipresent, eternal energy, informing and inspiring the whole creation at every instant of time and throughout the infinite spaces."

2. There will be no churches, as we have churches today. There will be just the community, with its sacred places of the common life—here a quiet spot like the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, where the soul may go apart and pray; there a vast arena, like the Civic Auditorium in Cleveland or the open park in St. Louis, where men may come together in pursuit of truth and beauty.

3. There will be no Sundays, as we have Sundays today. There will be just the endeavor of the common life to make every day a holy day, one hour of each day an hour of communal consecration, and regularly the festal days when all may seek for joy and recreation.

4. There will be no bibles, as we have our Bible today. There will just be the assembled literature of all ages and peoples, the works of universal genius sanctified by usage, and growing with the growing vision of men's minds and hearts.

5. There will be no prophets or saviors, no Messiah, Christ, or Son of God come down to earth to save mankind from death. There will be only the great and good among mankind—seekers after truth, heroes of justice and the right, champions of liberty, servants of love; a new calendar of saints—Isaiah, Jesus, Francis of Assisi, George Fox, all of these; but also Darwin and Pasteur, Lincoln and Emerson, Whitman and Tolstoy, Romain Rolland and Mahatma Gandhi.

6. There will be no religions as we have them today, but simply *religion*. This means that there will be no sects and denominations—no Confucianism, Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, Theosophy. These names, and many like them, may survive, but they will be like the "many mansions" in God's house—just so many parts of the one inclusive whole, which is the divine brotherhood of humankind.

So will the world become as one great temple, and men as one great family, and all true life divine. Longfellow caught the vision when he saw, in the happy days to come, that

> universal church,
> As lofty as the love of God,
> As ample as the wants of man.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Fixer

Some of his friends asked me if I would give them a story of what happened on Galilee night before last. First, I told them they'd better ask some of his own men, but a big fellow with a short bristly beard, named Peter, who is one of them, patted me on the shoulder and said, no, I kept my head better than any of them and my eyes open, too. And as I like Peter, even if he is kind of proud and blustering, I said I would. One of this lot, all citizens of Capernaum, said he would take down what I said and I could tell it in my own words. So here goes:

I haven't any family that cares a straw about me. I suppose I have a father some place but Galilee was too small for him and he went off with one of the caravans bound for Tyre on the Great Sea years ago. He was always boasting that if he was going to follow ships it would be on a sea that was a sea. As for me, Galilee is good enough. I like to fish. I've been around the fishing fleet all my life. My mother died one time when I ran away from school with another boy whose father owned a boat. We were out two nights and a day and when I got on shore they were burying her. I was about ten years old then. I'm fifteen now, and a big strong boy. Usually I like the squalls we have on Galilee. They're exciting, but this one the other night was a little too exciting, even for us fishermen, and as for those passengers who came with the man, they were scared.

It was a bad squall, all right. I don't know as I ever saw a wickeder one, and I know I never did see one die down so sudden. The calm afterwards scared me more even than the storm did. That sounds silly but it's a fact. But I'd better begin at the beginning.

This man,—he comes from down Nazareth way—has been preaching around Capernaum for two weeks off and on. He preached some in the synagogues, but mostly out in the hills and on the streets. He and his party were camped for three days on a hill back of Capernaum and most all the time from morning to evening he was talking. He sure does draw the crowds. They come from all over to listen to him, a good part of them women, bringing their families, babies and children, and old people on cots, but there are plenty of men who have nothing to do but stand around and listen all day. They crowd as close as they can so as not to miss a word. As for me, I didn't hear him but a few times because Captain keeps me pretty busy down on the waterfront and gives me awful whalings if I run away. What I did hear sounded good even if his drift was over my head.

Most of the crowd looked sort of dumb and hungry to me. I guess they came away from home in such a hurry they forgot to bring enough to eat. The hucksters from town did plenty of business on the skirts of the crowd. Every time he moved they trailed after him, like sheep, and I doubt if they knew any better than sheep what he was aiming at. He talked a good deal about sheep, and vineyards, too, and about his father. I never saw anyone with a happier, pleasanter face,

as if everything is all right with him and should be with everybody. He talks simple enough but down deep there is something you don't get at. He's not all soft, either. You should have seen his eyes when he answered one of the Pharisees who tried to get him into an argument. And you should have seen that Pharisee's face when he sneaked away. He was growling under his breath something terrible. They told me he made a lot of sick people well but I'm not sure about that.

One evening this week,—it was right after that three-day speech on the hill,—we were beaching the boat. Captain was already on his way up to the tavern, when some of this rabbi's men came down and asked us to wait,—and could we take them across to Gergesenes? Captain came swaggering back and at first he was mad, being awful dry, and wasn't going to take them. They were a queer-acting lot, most of them were fishermen like ourselves but the other fishermen guy them for quitting work to follow after the preacher. It seems he doesn't like them to talk back or get mad and I guess that makes them seem kind of shy.

It was the money that decided the captain to go. One of these fellows had a leather bag hitched to his belt and another fellow took hold of it and shook it and made the money rattle. The one who wore the bag didn't like that and snatched the bag away. They called him Judas. He has a red beard, and his eyes are red, too, and I didn't like the look of them. He growled under his stringy beard all the time he counted the money into Captain's hand. Finally they all went on board and then the man himself came along, humming softly one of the shepherds' songs. I know the tune and it's real pretty. Captain was going to say something sharp to the man, about getting a move on, I guess, but the man nodded to him in such a pleasant way that the burn on Captain's face got deeper and he didn't say a word.

The man's crowd were awful glad to see him coming. You would have thought he had been away for a week. But for some reason or other he wasn't as glad to see them. His face looked tired, almost sad. They shuffled to one side and let him pass, picking his way over the benches and through the puddles of water up into the bow where there's a little coop made by a cowskin stretched over a frame. The captain had it put up so he can take a noon nap when we're out fishing and the sun's hot. The man didn't pay any attention to the water in the bottom, though it smelled pretty bad of rotten fish. He just curled up and was sound asleep in a minute.

The sun had been scorching up to the middle of the afternoon when gusts of wind came down out of the hills and the sea got choppy. But just before we put out the breeze dropped and there was that funny kind of calm that feels like it will break of a sudden. We hoisted the sail to catch the air as soon as it came again, as it usually does after sundown, and then two of us manned the sweeps.

Part of the passengers were bunched between us rowers and the stern, the rest were back of us keeping a watch over the man. Captain held the tiller. He was growling under his bushy black beard, about the meat and wine he was giving up, and the calm, and the heavy going the passengers made us, and every once in a while he would throw a dead fish at me to make me row the harder. The passengers acted worried. I guess they missed him when he slept as much as if he were away altogether. They put their heads together and whispered a lot. And they moved their hands uneasily the way men do who are used to hard work with them. About once a minute one of the bunch between me and Captain would get up on his tiptoes and look to see if the man was stirring, and that would bring a yell from the captain for them to get down so as he could keep his course.

After a little time my arms got tired and achey, what with the load we were carrying and the choppy water, and as it was growing dark and those men were in front of me, I managed to let an older man take my place without Captain's knowing. He's had it in for me lately. I moved up forward, so close to the man I could have touched him. He hadn't moved an inch since he laid down. His face was pale and smiling in the starlight. Watching him, and wondering what he was dreaming about, I began to be sleepy, and for a minute or two I dozed off.

I was waked by a sharp cold wind cutting through my sweaty shirt and the slapping of big drops of rain on my face. Black clouds were scudding across the sky and licking up the stars. One of those nasty squalls was on us and it was going to be lots worse with passengers aboard, and them so uneasy and in the way. Somehow I knew they wouldn't be any help to us, if they were fishermen. Just as I thought, as I looked them over I saw that already they began to look scared. The whites of their eyes showed up in the flame of the torch that someone had lit while I was dozing. They were talking shrill and crouching down so as not to be pitched out of the rocking boat.

Captain was rushing about yelling orders. First thing, he had us take in the sail. But you can see what an extra bad storm it was when I tell you it came so fast out of those Gadarene hills our sail was split before we could shake it down. Of course it was an old one because Captain is that stingy. He fetched me a kick as though I had torn his old sail on purpose. In no time at all the boat was in as thick a boil as I ever did see. The sheets of rain were almost heavy enough to wash a man overboard and the boat filled so fast we all set to work, bailing like mad. Lightning flashed so bright you couldn't keep your eyes shut if you'd wanted to. Why it didn't wake the man I don't know. Balls of fire rolled along the rail, and there was one bobbing on the tip of the mast, and others dribbling down the ropes.

Sailors don't like squalls any better than other people but it's all part of the day's work so they do the best they can and don't make any fuss about it. But those passengers, you'd have thought they never were in a blow before. They acted like a rooster with its head cut off, and I guess it must have seemed like that to them with their leader off to sleep as though nothing special was going on. They heaped themselves under the rail looking like a lot of water-soaked old rags. And they kept bobbing up, praying all the time, and one of them would crawl forward and peek into the coop to

see if the man was waking, and they knowing as well as the rest of us that Galilee always was a squally old pond. Of course the more we all kept quiet and stuck to bailing, the better. Captain swore more than usual, trying to make them behave. He knew one of these men well, used to sail in the same boat with him, before he owned one himself. This was Peter. I was close by when Captain came sloshing along and shouted in Peter's ear:

"Where are your guts, man? Wasn't you ever out in a blow before? Why don't you wake up your rabbi? He's such a spell-binder, maybe the wind would stop to listen to his voice!"

And Captain guffawed like a bull. There came three flashes of lightning, one after the other, and I saw Peter's bearded face and wild eyes, and when he heard that joke about the man preaching to the wind he gave Captain such a queer sharp look that Captain stopped laughing. Honestly you'd have thought it was a wonderful idea and not a rough joke. The next flash that came showed Peter standing up to his full height and only that Captain grabbed him quick I guess we'd have seen the last of Peter.

The next thing Peter had all his fellows together in the middle of the boat and was buzzing into their ears. And they listened and nodded their heads and buzzed back. Then it was pitch-black for a minute and when I saw them again they had made a chain of themselves and the chain was squirming forward. It looked like a game of follow-my-leader, and wet and scared as we were, we all laughed.

It must have been that light shining in Peter's eyes, as though he had seen something wonderful, that made me so curious to see what they were going to do. There was something queer going on, I knew that. Anyway, I sneaked away from Captain, and because I was smaller and quicker I got ahead of the passengers and close to the man.

In the shelter of the skin it was some quieter than out in the open, but I tell you it was even quieter than that. In the first place it surprised me that the wind hadn't got under the skin and ripped it off because we were keeping the boat headed right into the wind. We were hardly moving at all, except up and down. Second place, there was a funny faint light in that little cabin, a bluish-whitish light. It might have been glow-worms, or rotting wood. I've heard shepherds tell of finding logs away up in the mountains that are all glowing inside. Whatever it was, you could see the man's face in it and you never saw anyone asleep look as alive as he did. You take one of our crew sleeping and his face is as heavy as leather, all puffy and ugly red and about as much expression on it as the seat of his breeches. But this man, he looked as if he was awake and having a nice talk with a friend, only that his eyes were shut, and his face was still except for the smile that moved his lips.

And it was that quiet in the little cabin it was as if the quietness of his sleep was spread out around him. I forgot for a minute that there was any storm. He was lying partly on his back and partly on his right side, his face turned toward us and his cloak drawn snug about his throat. There wasn't quite room for all of him for he is a long man and his feet and ankles lay outside in the rain. His hands were by his sides, palms open, and the tips of his fingers curled up just a little.

His men crowded close to each other but left a little space between him and them. They wanted him to wake up the worst way but at the same time they seemed to be afraid that if he did he would make them feel ashamed of being so scared. Those in front, and Peter was one, knelt down in the water and their lips moved but I couldn't tell what they were saying.

All of a sudden there was a lull in the storm. The wind dropped and you could hear the steady beat of the rain, and the waves slopping over into the boat, and the rattle of the bailing buckets, and our men grunting as they worked. Those passengers looked to Peter as if they hoped he would do something. And he did. He took off his own cloak and spread it out over those feet naked to the rain. Maybe it didn't help much for the cloak was soaking wet but he meant well. And the minute he did that the man opened his eyes and smiled.

He didn't blink once and he didn't yawn. He opened his eyes wide and they were as full of life as if they had never been shut. And after that one smile to thank Peter the look in his eyes got wider and wider, as if the whole sky was no more than a small window and we were flies crawling on the pane.

Bang! The boat rose up until it almost stood on end, then came down with a jar that threw all of us in a heap, with me underneath. The rowers must have let the boat slew about and an extra big wave hit us amidships. I heard someone yelling at the top of his voice:

"Lord save us or we perish!"

It mighty near drowned me being held in the water by all those big men. Soon as I got my head out I found myself looking right into the eyes of the man. He was sitting up in the little coop with his hands resting on his knees, and first he stared at me and then he took us all in, one by one. He wasn't the least bit alarmed or excited and the way he looked us over made me feel cheap, as if he had come home to his house and found us messing up his things. He must have guessed that I was ashamed, and kind of scared, because suddenly he gave me the happiest, kindest smile and reached out and drew me to him, and said:

"What a good strong boy you are!"

(It made my face burn to hear that, because I may be strong but I'm not much good, and I know it.)

"Yes, you are," he went on, and I hadn't said a word, "And so are my friends here. I can see you think it's odd they should be so upset, seasoned fishermen that they are. Well, I'll tell you. These men have been unlearning all they ever knew and that makes them feel very young and tender, like mere babes, and they can't stand things as they used to. They'll get over that." And he laughed.

Then he stopped smiling and turned to the others who were studying his face as if it was a map to a strange country, and he said to them in tones so low I could hardly hear:

"Where is your faith?"

I know I wasn't supposed to listen but he was still holding me close and I couldn't help it, and say, what he said did something to those men. They straightened up and there was courage in their eyes. They seemed to feel that he was going to help them. And still he sat there while the boat shook like a stick in a dog's mouth and creaked and groaned as if it would break in pieces. The wind was howling louder than ever, big waves were breaking into the boat, and I heard some of the crew yelling that the mast was broken off and Captain was hurt. It was pandemonium all about me, but I was inside where it was quiet and safe, and I felt good.

After a spell he looked down and dabbled his fingers in the water. He sighed just as my grandmother used to when she was feeling that I never would be good for anything. Suddenly he leaned forward and stood upright, the water almost to his knees. He was like a tall straight tree. The wind didn't trouble him at all. Then he waved a hand to his men and they went right to work bailing and helping the crew cut the mast away. I don't know why I didn't help too, unless the captain being out of it I felt that I could do what I wanted to.

I guess I'm the only one that could tell you the rest of it because the others were having all they could do to keep the boat above water. There wasn't quite as much lightning but when a flash did come I saw that two of the crew were dragging the captain out of the water and lashing him to one of the benches. The way the boat was filling, even with everybody bailing but the man and me, it wouldn't have been very long before we'd have gone down.

I couldn't have seen much only there was that faint sort of light I had noticed in the coop, and you can believe me, or not, but now it seemed to be right about the man, not real bright but enough to see him by. It was like the light of a lamp when the oil has burned low and his face and hands showed more than the rest of him. He had turned and was facing into the gale. His hands were clasped behind his back. His head drooped a little. He looked like a man standing on the beach some quiet evening, sort of lost in his thoughts, while the sun goes down. The boat was pitching like a wild horse, plunging its head into the waves and out again, and sheets of rain were beating on the man, but he didn't mind any of it.

After a little while he raised his head slowly and from head to foot the muscles of his whole wiry body moved under his wet cloak as if he were wrestling with an invisible giant. That only lasted a minute. With just a shiver he shook off whatever it was and stood there as loose and easy as he was before, swaying slightly. Then he lifted his hands above his head until the fingers pointed straight up to the sky, and held them that way for a moment, and next he let them down very slowly until his arms extended straight out from his shoulders. All the while a low deep hum came from his lips, rising high and falling to bass, making a solemn music but not sad. For a minute I closed my eyes, because a chain of pictures was crossing my mind of all the happy days I had ever known, some I hadn't thought of in years.

There was a girl I used to know who died. All those good summer evenings that we walked by Galilee came back to me and her face was as clear and as alive as though she were beside me, and she was smiling. Another time, when I was about nine years old, I used to tend sheep and lie all day long on one of the hills back of Capernaum, maybe the same he preached on the other day, and watch my sheep nibbling the grass, looking like little white clouds in a pale green sky, and I dreaming dreams and singing to myself. It was my father stopped that, saying I was too big a boy to be wasting my time that way, and he put me to work on the fishing boats. But no sooner had I remembered what he did than I forgot him, and the face of a teacher I used to have in synagogue came to me. He was a wonderful talker, with eyes that burned into you, and he used to tell of Abraham and Isaac as though they were next-door neighbors. I was just getting interested when he had to go to Jerusalem to be a priest in the temple, and after he'd gone I sort of slipped back. I remembered my grandmother too and wished I hadn't given her so much trouble. But she was too soft to handle a boy like me. The very last thing I remember was the first time I ran away and was out all night on a fishing boat. I was so little the men never noticed me till we were away out on the Sea. When I turned into the lane in the misty morning I saw my mother standing at the gate, and when she saw me she cried, "Thank God" Then I opened my eyes. But she wasn't there.

But the storm was over, and when I say over I mean that the stars were out, all of them. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. A light breeze was blowing from over Capernaum way and it smelled sweet of gardens and new-mown grass and peach blossoms. The boat was swaying gently, like a cradle when the baby is most asleep.

It was such a change, and my thoughts had gone back so far, and it seemed so awful still after the din and the danger, I began to tremble like a leaf. First I knew someone laid a hand on my shoulder and I raised my head from my arms. It was Peter. His face was so kind I began to cry. It was years since I had been a baby but I couldn't help myself. Everybody was standing about, resting and taking breath, and looking excited and happy. I saw Judas sitting on one of the benches, crouched over his bag of money. He was counting the pieces from one hand into the other. Maybe he was afraid that the wind or the rain had robbed him. That made me laugh.

Then as some of them moved I saw the man. He and one of our crew were holding the Captain between them on the stern seat, and Captain was limp as an empty sack and his head lolled on his shoulder. The man was dabbling cold water on a bloody wound just over Captain's eyes. All of a sudden Captain let out an awful groan and sat up straight. His little pig-eyes roved about angrily, then fastened hard on the man's face. Their eyes held for most a minute, the man quiet and smiling while the temper in Captain's eyes died out, and finally he grunted and looked away. He stared and stared, taking in every big soft star in the sky, and the calm water, and the twinkling lights of the town,—for we had been beaten back almost

to the shore—and it seemed he could hardly believe what he saw, and no wonder. Then with a roar he jumped to his feet, splashing water all over himself, and went to kicking it all over the men, yelling to them to get a move on and clean up or he'd—! And I knew by that he was as good as ever.

That's all there is to tell. The man talked to me quite a lot while we were crossing. I told him about the dreams I had had, and the teacher who tried to help me, and the man said he knew the one I meant and that now he was a great scholar in Jerusalem. The man said my rabbi, whose name is Saul, was sort of against what he was teaching but he thought he could show him it was all right, and I guess he can. I guess he can fix most anything.

ROBERT ALDEN SANBORN.

Lost Illusions

All through my life I have been losing illusions and now another one has left me. Though I should by now be inured to their loss, yet never have I had a greater shock than when I experienced my latest lost illusion in learning—through Walter Lippmann—that there is not and never has been enough gold in the treasury of the United States to redeem the gold pledges of the Government. Not only that, but, so says Mr. Lippmann if I have read him aright, there is not enough gold in the world to redeem these pledges, they were given and received on faith in the credit of the country to make good all pledges as they might be presented for payment. The illusion that my country kept on hand at all times a mountain of gold sufficient to meet all obligations, has not only gone glimmering, but even my faith in the good intentions of my government sunk way below par when I read Mr. Loree's declaration that in refusing to redeem its gold certificates the United States had violated its pledge just as flagrantly as Germany violated its treaty with Belgium. I do not even know what the gold standard means, and the more I read about it the less I know.

There is in my memory but one other shock on losing an illusion to be compared with this one. That was the loss of my belief in miracles. Many years have passed since this loss but it is still fresh in my memory. The loss of this illusion did not come from reading "The Mistakes of Moses," the books of Voltaire or Thomas Paine, but through the words of my Sunday school teacher. One bright Sunday morning I started to Sunday school a firm believer in miracles and returned with the seeds of doubt planted in my young mind.

We had for our lesson the escape of the Children of Israel from Pharaoh and his hosts, across the Red Sea. It was to me the most dramatic and impressive miracle of the Bible, when at the raising of the arm of Moses at the command of the Lord, a great wind came and divided the sea as a wall on either side and the people passed through dry shod. But this day the teacher, evidently a student of the higher criticism, explained to us that at certain times of the year the wind was accustomed to thus divide the waters of this sea, that it was a natural event of which the Lord took advantage to save his people. On being questioned the teacher said that no doubt the passage was still quite muddy, at least in places, when the Children of Israel went over and that they experienced considerable discomfort thereby.

That day were miracles spoiled for me. I had pictured the little children of the Israelites dancing merrily along over the dry land and even perhaps kicking back clods into the very faces of the Egyptians and not even asking them to excuse their dust. But now I could only think of them plodding along with great chunks of mud clinging to their shoes, tired and disreputable looking, instead of going jubilantly as one might think from reading the song Moses sang afterward. No matter if they did get over all right, I felt that as a firm believer in miracles I had been bunkoed. A miracle is a miracle whether you believe it or not, and not just a miracle to those who do believe it. Such was my original idea of a miracle, not as something to be explained by a natural cause when you come to know enough to understand it. Even should I see Jesus descending from the clouds I would think it was either an optical delusion or was a natural descent to one who understood such things, and in no way anything to affect my moral nature or spiritual convictions. Not even a "real" miracle, not dependent on faith, could do that, being entirely on another plane.

In something of the same way I feel now about the gold deposits, though I have no gold certificates and have lost no money, so far as I can tell, because of the situation, but I feel that as a believer in the invincibility of my government I have been bunkoed. More than that, I feel that as a believer in the integrity and soundness of any financial system, I have been bunkoed. I once resented the remark of a woman that it was ridiculous to put the study of the Bank of England on a woman's club program because the subject was far beyond any woman. Now I feel that she was right. And more than that, I feel that the subject is beyond the intellect of any man, since the head of the Bank of England has stated that he knows nothing about the outcome of the financial condition of the world today. The horse the bankers and financiers have been driving seems to have taken the bit in its teeth and run away.

Other illusions I have lost, but none to compare with the two mentioned, though at the time they seemed important. Very early in life an illusion about the clouds was lost with sorrow and grieving. Not the black thunder clouds which have never in my experience proved quite so bad as they looked, but those soft, white, billowy ones that roll over the blue sky and lure the tiny student to neglect her book for looking out the schoolroom window and imagining herself wrapped in their soft folds and sailing away to a brighter and a better land. I had heard these clouds spoken of as fleecy and I cherished the illusion that they were fleeces grown on the backs of the lambs which the Good Shepherd had gathered into his heavenly fold. Never shall I forget the rude awakening when my childish mind was poisoned by the information that my clouds would make but a damp and insecure bed through which I would come tumbling down to earth.

Another childish illusion was about the lamb, the universal symbol of the meek and mild. On the wall of the living room of my home was the picture of a lovely little girl with her arm thrown lovingly around the neck of a snow white lamb, a lamb wearing garlands of flowers with which she evidently had decked it after the manner of little girls with lambs in story books. I went to visit a little friend who owned a lamb, and when I attempted to pet it as it drank from a pan of milk, it knocked me over. Not only was this lamb persistently unmannerly toward me but to all other children. It tramped down flowers and nibbled the tops of the green vegetables and became such a nuisance it had to be sent to the country to live in the wide open spaces for which nature had fitted it.

One more fond illusion was rudely shattered when I learned that all angels, so far as recorded, are of the masculine gender. To me, for many years, it was otherwise. The prevailing style of dress for angels was to blame partly for this illusion, but not altogether, for I had been accustomed to hearing the word applied to woman only from my earliest childhood, to women or to flaxen-haired little girls, but never to any man or boy.

Lucifer I knew, of course, as a masculine character. But he was a fallen angel and I had the impression that he had entered heaven by some fraud and that he had been driven out from the presence of the lady angels as soon as his sex was discovered. Or perhaps his sins had changed him from a feminine angel into a masculine one.

My awakening to the fact that my sex had been ignored in the matter of angels came when I learned the names of the archangels, and found they had been christened such names as Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Zadkiel, and Jophiel. The first two were unmistakably masculine names and the others, though I had never known any boys so called, seemed impossible names for girls. Even Israfel, whose heart strings are a lute, according to the Koran, could not belong to a girl angel. Still for a time I cherished the hope that among the lower order of angels there might be some of the gentler sex until I learned from Clara Erskine Clement's book, "The Angel in Art," that angels are sexless. This seemed to me but a sort of subterfuge to appease women, a sort of straddling of the question. This impression was strengthened when, years later, I saw in the Carnegie Galleries in Pittsburgh a painting called "The Angel with the Flaming Sword." I could never look at this large but characterless being without thinking of Samantha Allen's question to Dr. Mary Walker, "Be you a woman, mam, or a man, sir?"

So deeply did I feel this injustice to my sex that for a time I seriously considered becoming a Mohammedan, for they at least had houris in their heaven. I compromised by becoming a suffragette, which in that day brought me even more opprobrium than if I had become a follower of the Prophet.

MAY STRANATHAN.

Non-Passive Pacifism

Twice, within the past half dozen years, I have witnessed what can be done within the range of an altogether non-violent activity on behalf of human rights.

The first instance is one which readers of UNITY may recall, as a considerable number of them had a very helpful part in the effort and its outcome. It may be designated as the "Russell Tremaine Case."

Russell Tremaine was a boy, about twelve years of age, the son of thorough-going pacifist parents who lived at the time in Bellingham, Washington. He refused to join the flag salute in the local school. His father was arrested for having encouraged the boy to this "insubordination," was held in jail for a time, and the boy was himself taken away from his parents and put under the tutelage of the State. The facts came to us in Los Angeles, where I was then editing *The Open Forum,* organ of "The American Civil Liberties Union" in Southern California. We published the facts, and the National Office of the Civil Liberties Union, in New York, offered to take up the boy's defense in the Courts. But so pacifist were the Tremaine family they would not consent to even legal procedure, as, according to their exact logic, this also was recourse to implicit violence.

Weeks went on, and Russell Tremaine was transferred from the State Institution which had taken him over, to a private family, name unknown, and it was made evident that he was to be permanently alienated from his parents, they were to be kept in ignorance of what had been done with him, he was to have no contact with them, but was to be brought up as the child of "patriotic" strangers.

When I learned of this legal, or supposedly legal, kidnapping of Russell Tremaine, I had given up my editorial position, had removed with my wife to La Crescenta, in a neighborhood wholly dead to social interest and understanding, and we were trying to live, on next to "nothing a year," the simple life. It was August, if I remember, late August at that. It seemed to me that if a few people, strategically placed, would be interested in the case, and a tactic of quiet publicity carried out, something effective could be done. So with a "Russell Tremaine Committee" which consisted of my wife and myself, with the slogan, *"Russell Tremaine must be back with his parents before Christmas,"* and with access to a few periodicals, we began work. Readers of the *Open Forum,* and readers of UNITY were practically our first line of appeal, and with a simple request on our part for funds to carry on press work and correspondence the readers of these two publications gave us an aggregate of about one hundred dollars, which sufficed for the three months campaign. And on the 13th of December, twelve days before Christmas, Russell Tremaine was again in the arms of his parents, without recourse to law. Just how it was done need not be detailed here, but the primary factor I shall bring out in the story that follows.

One Monday morning, not long after this Tremaine episode, I was asked to address the Congregational ministers in Los Angeles. Ministers and their wives were present to about the number of forty, most of the prominent ministers being absent. Two of those present were Rev. John Hester and his wife. Following my address Mrs. Hester asked me if I would be willing to give my services for two or three Sunday nights at the church where they ministered, at Lawndale, just south of Los Angeles. It was thirty miles away from La Crescenta, my wife and I had no car,

but arrangements were made for us to be met in Los Angeles, so that for three successive Sunday nights I preached there. Usually my wife and I spent the Monday forenoons there, discussing the social gospel with Mr. and Mrs. Hester, who were living much closer to "nothing a year" than we were. We found them admirable in spirit and understanding, and while the church received charily the social message there was a sufficient response to make the ministry of such a message there worth while.

The depression deepened. Lawndale, which someone described to me as an "agricultural slum district," too harsh a term if it implies physical slovenliness on the part of the people as we knew them, was exceptionally hard hit, and the problem of the unemployed there was peculiarly acute. The Hesters were so active on behalf of social sufferers, *and for social change,* that Mr. Hester found it advisable to resign the pastorate, since the majority of the church wanted, as most churches do, a comfortable and respectable preachment of innocuous commonplaces rather than the trumpet sound of moral challenge. He found work, caring for a local park-ground, but lost this position later by reason of his increasing activities on behalf of the unemployed, and the openness of his radical convictions on social lines. Besides his wife there was a new born child to care for, the little cottage in which they lived, a shack rather than a cottage, was dependent for heat upon a wood-using stove, gas having been turned off, and green eucalyptus wood being offered them for fuel, if they would *cut it down, and up.* While Mr. Hester was away on a march to Sacramento with the organized unemployed, seeking State relief, others of the militant unemployed turned on the gas, without consent of the monopoly corporation, and Mr. Hester was arrested on his return, prosecuted under conditions of court prejudice and persecution which admitted of no adequate consideration of the mitigating circumstances, and was given the savage sentence of a year in jail, and fifty days for contempt of Court, when rulings against him provoked a natural protest while he was conducting his own defense.

The case was appealed to a nominally "Higher Court," which showed no superiority of moral decency, as they ruled that although the sentence was "severe" it was not illegal, and must therefore stand. Hester went to jail, and has been confined there for more than seven months. His wife was allowed to see him very rarely, and then under conditions so unfavorable to conversation as to be for me utterly impracticable. But, *as a minister,* when I returned to Los Angeles two weeks ago I was allowed to go in, and sit with him at the table. His baby he had not been allowed to see during the months of his incarceration, and the State, or County, showed a relentless attitude toward any consideration for him, unless Mrs. Hester *could "make her peace" with the corporations involved,* the Electric Light Company being one of the prosecutors. These showed no mercy, though the sum total of the bills against the Hesters when service was discontinued had been less than ten dollars, if I recall the figures.

Meanwhile there had been little done on behalf of the Hesters by most of their religious friends and fellow workers of other days, though in some instances there were open expressions of sympathy and indignation as to the sentence imposed. Finally Mrs. Hester prevailed upon more and more ministers to interest themselves in joint request to the Parole Board for Mr. Hester's release on parole. The Board was evidently astonished when at its February meeting some twenty-five ministers appeared before them to support this plan. Excuse was made that Mr. Hester was not eligible for release until he had served half his sentence, which would not be fact until the eighth of March. Just now, March 11, I have a telegram this Sunday morning from Mrs. Hester saying that Mr. Hester is out on parole, and that after a few days rest at home they will leave for Nebraska, where Mr. Hester will go to work on his brother's farm, as the parole was conditioned on this course.

However there is one phase of this case yet to tell, and the most important from the viewpoint of this article.

In the last months of her indefatigable efforts on behalf of her husband's release, Mrs. Hester adopted the tactic which we had found so effective in the Tremaine case, that of *long distance interest and appeal.* Her appeal was, for obvious reasons, directed mainly to the old friends and neighbors and fellow students of John Hester before he made his residence in California. It was immediately and, very visibly effective. Besides helping her to carry on the campaign financially, up to that time involving great hardship for her, it unquestionably impressed the California authorities. In the instance of Russell Tremaine our success was mainly due, I believe, to the letters which we had pouring in upon the Washington authorities from Eastern States and from England. I am myself persuaded that had this tactic been adopted early enough in the Mooney case he would long since have been out of jail.

Concerning this I shall write more later. Just now I want to conclude this article with a double challenge. How much right have men and women who demur to the logic of the Communists, *that eventually the forcible seizure of power and dispossession of the privileged classes will be forced upon those who would do anything effective for the disinherited millions,*— how much right, I say, have those who cannot now accept this position, to remain themselves passive on behalf of workers who are violently and utterly illegally robbed of their right to make peaceful protest? Are we, who stand apart from the picket line, speaking out as we ought to speak out where outrageous vigilante methods are used against working folks striking for a pitiful increase of pay? The Supervisors of this County in which I live have within the past few days most outrageously legislated in effect to put this County under martial law, in anticipation of their determination to carry on half-slave conditions in the fruit fields here this summer. The proof of this I will present later. My point now is that the religious public here has thus far made no protest at all against this tyranny, under the form of local legislation. Nor will they unless there is publicity outside, and communication of this publicity with some concert of action.

This concert of action with full freedom for individual expression and quietness of protest, a few of us are preparing to make practicable. Certain ministers, whom I shall not name, are cooperating very informally to build up "Committees of Correspondence," for their mutual assurance, for the exchange of information, and for such proofs of particular instances of American Fascism as will enable them to write directly to the authorities most responsible any protest they wish to make. In two instances I am promised aid in carrying on these contacts. I have no secretary, no salary, no assistant, and occasional eye-strain inhibits me from too constant use of my typing machine. Will you, who

are interested in *building up a body of concentrated peaceful protest against the lawlessness and violence of those who are now robbing the workers of their civil liberties, either by direct thuggery, as in many instances, or under cover of lawlessly administered law,* send me your names and addresses, that I may inform you where you can most effectually direct your protest on behalf of decent procedure? Any contributions which you care to make to help us out in postage, or in payment for clerical service we will duly appreciate. There will be no publicity, except of the kind this article exhibits, as I have found that the less publicity of a personal or spectacular character there is the more you can do. We must try our American pacifism on its affirmative side. Address simply, Robert Whitaker, Los Gatos, California, 15 Lyndon Avenue.*

ROBERT WHITAKER.

*I would be glad to have this article copied, in whole or in part, by other religious periodicals, or any periodicals interested in building up a volume of peaceful protest against Fascist methods in the United States.

The Study Table

Immortality

We are accordingly faced with two alternatives—on the one hand a radical and consequent pessimism, and on the other hand the hope of everlasting life with God.

This quotation comes from the next to the last page of the book under review.* It may fairly be taken as giving the key to the author's mind as he studies the problem of immortality. As Paul said, "If in this life only we have hope,—we are of all men most miserable." Our author seems to feel that life on this earth uncheered by hope of heaven is too dreary for optimism to cope with.

Such a judgment coming at the very end of the discussion serves as a clue to the interpretation of the subject found in the earlier pages of the book, and explains another emphasis which probably grows out of this one. Belief in a future life which is frankly of a non-verifiable type will naturally enough rest on premises which themselves are of a non-realistic type. Inferences, philosophical arguments will be used, but principally the belief will find its confirmations in another belief in alleged supernatural revelations, the record of which is found in the Bible, and of course chiefly in the New Testament. So it is at any rate in the book before us. Thus a serious appeal is made to intelligent minds to accept a future event as true because of what Jesus and Paul and others wrote twenty centuries ago. Moreover the quotations from the New Testament writers are predicated upon direct revelations made through ecstatic experiences as a result of which Paul in particular prophesied events which were to be realized in his own lifetime, but which never were. It seems to be clear to your reviewer that if humanity is to be rescued from radical pessimism only by such argumentation as this, the case is hopeless.

Corliss Lamont, in his "Issues of Immortality," has dealt with the subject on the basis of a logic of reality which makes Professor Baillie's treatment seem quite outmoded. The latter part of Lamont's book especially, where he dwells upon the timelessness of the character qualities of goodness and truth, and emphasizes their eternal-ness in the here and now, sets a goal for the issues of the earthly life which lures one on to uplands where the air is pure and clear, and free from the mustiness of past mystic ecstacies and of future dreams.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

Russia and Nationalism

The author of this book,** a member of UNITY's staff, is one of our most distinguished international scholars. Of his many works, two have been published in this country, both treatises of permanent importance on nationalism in the East, and have been admiringly reviewed in these columns.

This little volume is not Dr. Kohn's first study of revolutionary Russia, but is the first to be presented to American readers. It is based on information gathered during a journey into the land of the Soviets in the summer of 1931. "Contact with the new type of man who is growing up in the Soviet Union, and with his ideas and ideals," writes the author, "has made plain to me to how great an extent the phenomenon of nationalism in the Soviet Union is intellectually part and parcel of the new system of faith and philosophy." A specialist in this field of nationalism, it was natural for Dr. Kohn to "grapple with" the problem, and in this little book produce an original and creative study.

Nationalism is a modern passion, compounded half-and-half of myth and genuine religion. But it runs deep into the essential substance of human nature, and thus springs from something native to man's being. This is shown by the fact that when Russia's enslaved millions were suddenly released by the revolution of 1917, the "185 peoples, speaking 147 languages" were quickened and aroused by that same instinct of group patriotism which three hundred years before had fashioned the great nations of the West. It is probable that, in the vast confusion and excitement of the hour, these peoples would have sprung apart and Russia become a chaos, had it not been for Communism, that new religion of the masses which binds worker and peasant into a unity of organization and spirit which never existed under the Tsar. The opening pages of Dr. Kohn's book are a remarkable study of the cultural and religious aspects of this faith which all at once possessed a people who had scarcely been touched, either outwardly or inwardly, by the civilization which followed upon the Renaissance and the Reformation.

In this sudden emergence of nationalism from below and this equally sudden imposition of Communism from above, there were present in Russia all the elements of convulsive conflict. Had any lesser man than Lenin been in the seat of power, the conflict would inevitably have come. But Lenin, a statesman of the very first order of ability, worked triumphantly for the reconciliation of these two tremendous forces. "Lenin," says the author, "saw no unalterable force, ineradicable from human nature, in nationalism; he saw in the nation no god-given ordering of human existence, ordained for all time." But at the same time he did not ignore

*"And the Life Everlasting," John Baillie, Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

**"Nationalism in the Soviet Union," by Hans Kohn. Published by Columbia University Press. $2.00.

or defy what was so obviously present and potent in men's lives.

The nationality question did not cease to exist for Lenin with the ending of the capitalist order. It would retain its significance, he held, for a long time under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The most interesting chapters in Dr. Kohn's book are those in which he describes the Soviet policy, as initiated by Lenin, toward the many national and racial groups contained within the Union. All are respected and protected. Language, customs, political and social institutions, even religion, are fostered as precious to the people who practice them. To every state is guaranteed the right of secession. But over all is Communism, which is directed toward merging these various units into one all-inclusive fellowship.

The Communist state can grant entire lingual autonomy and liberty, but it cannot recognize cultural autonomy and liberty. The doctrinal content of Marxism must be given expression in every tongue.

Thus nationalism in Russia is reverenced but nonetheless overcome. The proletarian policy must in the end succeed

". . . in extirpating the people's hatred and mistrust of one another. . . . The great differences in civilization and in standard of living between the dominant and subject peoples (will be) wiped out by education and economic policy, and the masses invested with the spirt of internationalism and of fraternal neighborliness between the peoples."

Dr. Kohn's closing pages deal with another and wider conflict—that between Russian Communistic society and the surrounding nationalistic world. The ideal of Communism is of course "supra-national." Its purpose is to unite the proletariat of the world, and thus wipe out all national frontiers, and with these all national prejudices and ambitions. The drive of the revolution is "towards the removal of the discussions and differences of races and nations and classes." But this is far in the future, and meanwhile "nationalism has won the day."

Whether new forces are to mould human history and determine the form of human society, will depend on the success or failure of the building up of Socialism and the forming of the new type of humanity.

Dr. Kohn's volume ends with numerous notes and appendices containing abundant material as interesting as any in the text. The work is very definitely of inverse importance to its size.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Richard the King*

Coeur de Lion, enshrined in "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," comes to life and dominates this latest addition to the Appleton productions—a stirring spectacle of twelfth century pageantry. Fiery fruit of a union between Angevin Henry II of England and Eleanor of Acquitaine, Richard first leads his brothers in their audacious revolt against authority, i. e., that of their mutual father, being aided and abetted by France, the villain of the piece. This insurrection quelled, and all parties (apparently) conciliated, the redoubted rogue turns his attention to conquering his inherited provinces of Poitou and Acquitaine from their rebellious barons—a task destined to occupy him, intermittently, until his accession to the throne of England. Scaling ladders, mangonels, balistas, and all the outworn engines of medieval warfare, surge across the scene as, one by one, these mighty fortresses fall before the Lion Heart. A brief interlude of internecine strife is followed by tidings of the downfall of Jerusalem, which immediately sweep Coeur de Lion into the full current of the Crusading torrent, and place him in the role of England's foremost military hero. At this juncture, after a final outflaring of youthful rebellion, Henry II passes from the picture, leaving King Richard free to pursue his career of conquest in the East.

A brilliant coronation, accompanied by a most lamentable massacre of the Jews; a frenzied search for ready money throughout his realms;—and Richard is off for Palestine, in company with Philip of France. The principal events which follow are familiar as an old wives' tale to readers of Scott: the departure; the martial meeting with Philip at Massina, followed by storm and victory for England; the conquest of Cyprus; the siege of Acre; the desertion of Philip, after months of smouldering hostility; the massacre at Joppa; the truce with Saladin, on the very verge of victory; the retreat; Richard's long imprisonment in an Austrian fortress and his discovery by Blondell, his minstrel; the triumphant return to England, together with the ousting of the usurper; and, finally, closing this pageant of empire, the miserable death of the conqueror before the walls of Chalûs, wherein all his craft and his recklessness, his fury and his far-sightedness, his headlong transports and his methodical military genius, all found end.

Less familiar is the sight of anaesthetics at the siege of Acre; Richard building a stupendous scientific fortress, and, just at the moment of his death, drawing a cordon about his quondam ally, Philip, with the imminent intent of overrunning his kingdom and trampling the lilies. Of these, and of many other excellences this work contains; its admirable compactness, its pictorial achievements, its epic style, one could talk a long time —but still longer of Richard the King, who flames his way across the pageant like some medieval Mars, helmed and greaved for the fray, adored during life by East and West alike, revered by Englishmen throughout aftertimes as England's perfect repartee to the gallant Bayard.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*"Coeur de Lion." By Clennell Wilkinson. Appleton-Century. 1933. $1.50.

The United States and the Soviet Union

For one who wishes to understand the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, during the period from the Armistice. 1919, up to the present when diplomatic relations were resumed between the two great republics, there is no better book than "The United States and the Soviet Union."* It is a 280-page Report of Russian-American Relations, issued by the American Foundation. The chairman of an able committee was Mr. Curtis Bok.

The style of the report is excellent, and the reader once starting will finish before laying it down. It is the story of one of the tragic chapters succeeding the Great Tragedy of 1914-1919. It tells of the war carried on by Britain, France, Japan and America—after the War was over—in Siberia, Archangel, Poland, Ukrania—cruel, devastating and undeclared. The Committee under Mr. Bok has shown great skill, care and discrimination in gathering the facts—so that one finds it difficult to criticise the report as being biased in any direction. Falsehoods,

*"The United States and the Soviet Union." Published by the American Foundation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. $1.00.

slanders, rumors have been marshalled and fairly disposed of. The reader will feel compelled to hang his head in shame on account of the way he and his country have at many points been cruel and gullible.

This book would make excellent, almost indispensable reading for one going to visit the Soviet Union —either before or after entering. The writer knows of nothing better, for getting an intelligent understanding of the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. SYDNEY STRONG.

Sonnets to a Black Brother

By KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

I

I see strange fires gleam within your eye,
Black Brother, there is radiant ecstasy
And intimation of rare prophecy
Within your face now turning to the sky.

I see you stand erect as free-men stand,
Your hands unfettered and your spirit free,
Your heart afire with high nobility,
With love for mankind and the Fatherland.

I see in you the miracle re-born—
A lowly people, tyrannized, oppressed,
Betrayed by brothers, beaten, dispossessed,
Of hope despoiled, exploited, and forlorn,

I see in you the ages prove again
The glorious destiny of God-born men.

II

Your skin is black, my Brother, mine is white,
Your form and features bear the common sign
Of accident of clime and place like mine,
Yet are we both dependent on the light;

And though men term us different and apart
And classify and differentiate,
And teach our children to suspect and hate,
The same red blood-stream leaps from heart to heart.

They say that you are primitive and crude,
That beauty, truth, and goodness cannot bear
With Ethiopian features, kinky hair.
Have they forgotten faggot, pyre, and rood.

And Him who came from God to enter in
The humble heart that wears a dusky skin?

III

You say his skin is black and yours is white?
You say he comes from lesser stock, while you
Are heir to countless ages that endue
Your station with prerogative and might?

Whence all this vaunt of superiority?
Whence all this proud defiance and conceit?
What high authority declares as meet
Such empty boastings of infirmity?

Has the Eternal set within the sky
The signal that by custom, form, and skin
Rather than by nobility within
His children should be judged high or low?

Repent, and recognize, O Brothers mine,
The Black Man as your Brother Soul Divine.

IV

No more he wears the fetters that a few
Misguided tyrants forged to hold him low;
No more he seeks in vain to see and know
What long to men has seemed approved and true.

Today he stands among his brothermen
A peer among his peers, nor fears to say
At the beginning of his freedom's day
That God's own Son has come to earth again.

He takes his place in counsel and in deed,
His voice is heard where wisdom makes her plea;
His spirit dares truth's vast infinity,
Adventurous to follow as to lead.

His skin is black; yes, but his eye is bright,
Resplendent with the One Eternal Light.

V

Of one blood God has made the race of men
And to the rhythm of Divinity
He set the pulse-beat of affinity,
Bade aspiration seek the common gain.

What though their color be diversified?
What though the accidents of clime and place
Lend strange unlikeness both to skin and face?
Shall not impartial destiny betide

And bring its weal or woe to every race?
Can anyone escape the human lot,
Dare anyone of human seed begot
Ask special privilege of time or space?

Why then should we deny to brothers free
The holy birthright of Fraternity?

Correspondence

Man's Inherent Goodness

Editor of UNITY:

Reinhold Niebuhr has written another book, "Reflections on the End of an Era," and like its predecessor, "Moral Man and Immoral Society," it is written in the belief of an angry God, a "God that must visit terrible punishment upon man's shortsightedness before his purposes can come to pass," and that man is naturally evil.

Man's greatest quest has been to find out what God is like. Christ came in answer to that quest. He said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." So it was God that man crucified. It was God on the cross that forgave man for nailing him there. Before we had either asked for or thought we needed forgiveness. Why did he choose the way of the cross instead of the sword? He knew that the door to man's heart could never be opened by force from without, but only by the power of love from within. Strange, that in the greatest sin of all history he only had pardon for man if he is "a God that visits terrible punishment."

It is only from this point of view that we begin to realize the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the vastness of God's love.

Christ came also to reveal man unto himself. God came to earth in human form and limited himself with man's limitations to prove to man that he has the ability to live the good life. If Christ could not have sinned it was no merit that he did not sin. If he used power that is not available to man, then he is of

no inspiration to man. He told us God was our Father. Then we possess in small all the properties and capacities of our origin.

Christ said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." He gambled his life on the cross in the belief in man's inherent goodness. He knew that man could not always resist the appeal of love.

"Dick" Sheppard has said that "the present generation, which has removed itself from clerical control, is interested neither in ecclesiastical subleties nor in the disputes of its forefathers; yet the figure of Jesus Christ never allured the human heart with stronger appeal."

Howell, Mich. JOHN T. RICKETT.

"Liquor and Learning"

Editor of UNITY:

There is objection in various quarters to the proposal to apply part of the revenue from liquor licenses to paying teachers' salaries. This is one of the grievances in India. The great majority of the people, both Hindus and Moslems, want prohibition, but their British rulers will not let them have it. The people are also eager for education; and the charge of it has nominally been put into their hands, but without giving them the money to pay for schools, unless they lay extra taxes upon themselves. This they cannot do, being heavily overtaxed already. So the government devotes the revenue from liquor licenses to the schools. As Dr. J. T. Sunderland expressed it to me, "the government practically says to the people: 'Do you want more schools? Drink more liquor. Do you want the schools to be closed? Stop drinking liquor.'" He added that he had not mentioned this in his book, "India in Bondage," because it was so bad that he feared it would not be believed.

Boston, Mass. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Proposed Roads to a Better Social Order

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The Field

(*Continued from Page* 42)

The humiliated and disgraced lass left school that day. She never returned. How dared she?

But these mental anguishes are minor compared to the fiendish brutalities now going on. For once Lord Marley minced no words. He told everything which has come to the Committee's attention.

Imagine killing alleged offenders of the Nazi regime by the executioner's axe! To add to the brutality of the situation, the victim is placed face-forward on the block, and isn't even blindfolded! A hand-axe is used. Not infrequently the executioners get drunk in celebration, and hence sever the head only after the third or even sixth attempt. Records of sixty-eight persons, including women, show deaths in this manner.

The "World Committee" also has on hand the names of seventeen hundred who died in hospitals as a result of beatings. Relatives are "verboten" to open the sealed coffins, bearing the remains, on threat of death. But many welcome death, and take the risk.

The Hitlerites can well boast of the two whips in particular which they are using. One is made from certain steel coils, every lash of which cuts to the bone. The raw scars it leaves take months to heal—if ever. The other is from rubber. While the latter kind causes slight outward symptoms, beatings from this

rubber strap result in the disintegration of the internal tissues of the kidneys and intestines, bringing about almost certain death. The pains are beyond description.

Lord Marley then described what goes on behind the scenes in a concentration camp—statements which he can verify:

"A person is brought into a camp on the least provocation of suspicion," he declared. "He is then taken into a sort of tribunal where fifty or so Nazis are assembled.

"'How old are you?' one of the men will ask the captive.

"If the man says he is 37, he gets 337 lashes. If he happens to be a leader of a certain group, he receives 437. All the 'judges' take a hand in these blows which fall on his face, arms, legs, body—anywhere. Sometimes the victim is forced to count these lashes. An error, which is only natural under the circumstances, gives these Sadists an opportunity to start all over again.

Intermingled with these beatings, according to the Britisher, a prisoner is subjected to other forms of torture. Very frequently he is thrown in cold water and allowed to remain for days in dripping garbs. He is never permitted to sleep in peace. Regardless of how weakened his condition may be, he must stand up and "Heil Hitler" every fifteen minutes upon the approach of a Nazi guard.

Lord Marley's voice choked as he continued to detail how many of these prisoners meet their doom.

"Sometimes a prisoner is told to wash a window in one of the upper stories. As he proceeds, a Nazi pushes him out. Then there are instances when a Brown Shirt will tell a prisoner that one of the sentrys further away wants to speak to him. The prisoner knows what that means—but he must obey. For, on the pretense that the prisoner 'tried to escape' the sentry nearby shoots him in the back.

"On other occasions a rope is placed in the prisoner's cell with orders to 'act accordingly.' Should the unfortunate one hesitate, he is killed on the grounds of disobedience."

Only a small proportion of the fiendish acts come to the attention of the World Committee, according to Lord Marley. The victims or the relatives of victims who escape are afraid to talk. . . The Committee records only cases which can be proven conclusively. There was the instance of a wife of a murdered Jew who informed the Committee how her husband was tortured to his death. But because her information concerning the deceased was revealed to her through secondary sources, the Committee disregarded the evidence even though the murder was proven.

According to Lord Marley, the Jews as a whole are receiving the worst treatment.

"The Nazis consider them as sub-human," the peer declared. "It was necessary to secure a scape-goat to direct the German minds from the real issue, and the Jews answered that need. Also, there was the economic issue. By throwing thousands of doctors and lawyers out of their positions, it gave the non-Jewish professional men an opportunity to reap the benefits. Tens of thousands of shops have been pillaged or boycotted. The schools are closed to the young. The Jews are being starved out physically and mentally.

Of the 70,000 refugees who have fled Germany within the last year, about 50,000 are Jews. But the refugees are the fortunate ones, in the nobleman's opinion. Those still forced to remain are the ones to be pitied. About 100,000 are prepared to escape if outlet can be provided for them.

It was for the purpose of raising funds to help take care of these Hitler victims that Lord Marley left his busy tasks and came to these shores. He could have taken things easy as other men of his class—if he wanted to. But not Lord Marley!

Members of the "World Committee" include Albert Einstein, honorary president, Salmon O. Levinson, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Jane Addams.

The need for aid is becoming more acute. While press accounts have diminished, to give way to other headline topics, the German atrocities are still being carried on *sub-rosa.* From indications, they will continue for sometime to come.

And Lord Marley knows. . . .

ROSELLA HOROWITZ.

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